THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 167.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

THERE is something not a little curious in the next remark of Johnson:—*To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable, may always find the marvellous.* On this occasion, as on some others, Dr. Johnson, in his ardour to depreciate the merits of Gray, presumes to lay his hand upon the whole body of legitimate criticism, and violate the first principles of the ART OF POETRY. Overlooking the malignant colouring of the description, let me ask whether, to select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, be not the very essence of epic poetry? and, by the way, let me remark that the *Bard*, if I may use the expression, is an Epic Ode. Let us apply this general principle of Dr. Johnson to Homer, to Virgil, to Tasso, to Milton, to Shakspeare, to every name that is the boast of polite letters! Each is chargeable, in the doctor's phraseology, with having selected a singular event, and swelled it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions; they have each, therefore, done no more than that which is of *little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous!*

So much for the facility of what epic and dramatic poets (names almost idolized) have done! Now for the utility of their works.—*And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe, we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined.* To reply to the *positions* delivered in this affected language, let me observe, once more, that Dr. Johnson stops short of nothing less than a general attack on poetry itself. He confounds, as in a former instance, metaphysical truth with historical truth. He asserts, that, *We are affected only as we believe:* now, it is notorious that, to be affected is one thing, and to believe, another; it is notorious, that we are all affected by poetical fictions in the *historical truth* of which we never thought of believing. We find this to be the case, whether those fictions relate to natural or supernatural actions:

—untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn till eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd.

Are the tragedies of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* the less pregnant with moral instruction, because we do not believe in

the existence of spectres? Is the *Paradise Lost* destitute of truth, because it contains the most monstrous of all fictions, the *war* in *heaven?* Granted, that *we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined;* but, does the falsehood of poetic machinery preclude moral truth? It is the direct province of the Muse to combine them!

The Benignant Sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of Just and Good,
Has added fair imagination's rays.

Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy *Fiction* drest.

In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

After wading, thus far, through Dr. Johnson's general notions of poetry, I come to a criticism that, true or untrue, is really to the purpose:—*I do not see that the* Bard *promotes any truth, moral or political.* Here then, after considering, first the originality, and next the machinery of the Ode, we are now challenged to the examination of its moral tendency. Does it promote any truth, moral or political? I answer that, if it do not, and at the same time do not promote any falsehood, it must be a very singular production. With the latter it is not charged; and, in order to assist our inquires into the former, I think it will be advisable, in this place, to consider the design upon which it was composed.

'This Ode, says a note of the author, is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.'

'I promised the reader, in the *memoirs*, says Mr. Mason (see a note between the 20th and 21st letter, *Sect.* 4.) to give him, in this place, the original argument of this capital Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his Commonplace-Book. It is as follows: "The army of Edward I, as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure, seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes and desolations of the Norman race, and, with prophetic spirit, declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and genius in immortal strains, to expose vile and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot." Fine as the conclusion of this Ode is at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but, unhappily for his purpose, instances of English Poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated to *celebrate Virtue and Valour;* but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakspeare, who had talents for every thing, was undoubtedly capable of exposing vice and infamous pleasure, and the drama was a proper vehicle for his satire; but we do not ever find that he professedly made this his object; nay, we know that, in one inimitable character, he has so contrived as to make vices of the worst kind, such as cowardice, drunkenness, dishonesty, and lewdness, not only laughable, but almost amiable; for, with all these sins on his head, who can help liking Falstaff? Milton, of all our great poets, was the only one *who boldly censured tyranny and oppression;* but he chose to deliver his censures, not in poetry, but in prose. Dryden was a mere court-parasite to the most infamous of all courts. Pope, with all his laudable detestation of bribery and corruption, was a Tory; and Addison, though a Whig and a fine writer, was unluckily not enough of a poet for his purpose. On these considerations, Mr. Gray was necessitated to change his plan, toward the conclusion: hence we perceive that, in the last epode, he praises Spenser only *for his allegory*, Shakspeare *for his powers of moving the passions*, and

Milton *for his epic excellence.* I remember the Ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand, but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry play on the Welch harp, at a concert, at Cambridge (see letter xxv, sect. iv.), which he often declared inspired him with the conclusion.'

We are now in possession of Gray's original plan. The whole is not executed; but, let us see whether the poem, as it stands, promotes no truth, political or moral. I give Dr. Johnson credit for the use of the word *promote* on this occasion; an ordinary writer might have said, *teach;* but *promotion* is a different thing from *teaching*, and a thing much more frequent in the course of poetic instruction. There are abundance of poems, of which it could hardly be said that they *teach* truths, but which nevertheless decidedly *promote* them, and are therefore highly to be valued. The Bard, then, I do not hesitate to assert, does promote truths, both moral and political. What is the fact? It is represented, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of Wales, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hand to be put to death. Supposing this to be historically true, what must we imagine to have been his motive for this act of rigour? The Bards were more or less connected with the government of the country, during its independence; they were the teachers of the people; they were the depositaries of patriotic songs; they were able, by the influence of patriotic tunes, to lead the passions of the multitude. In what light, then, must they have appeared to the conqueror? As abettors and stirrers-up of treasons. In what, to the conquered? As filled with

> Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame,

as the faithful assertors of the national liberties. Edward, in his policy, puts these men to death; to them, and to their friends, he appears a tyrant and a murderer; and, what says the Bard?

> Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
> Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
> To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
> And warms the nations with redoubled ray!

Does it promote no truth, moral or political, to show the wicked the weakness of their efforts? Will it stay no man's hand? perhaps not; but, will it comfort no man's heart? Does the final and unalterable triumph of virtue warm no man's love of it? Does the ultimate defeat of wickedness encourage no man's contempt, embitter no man's hatred? Is there nothing in it that lifts the brow of the good, that confounds and casts to earth the eyes of the wicked? Is there nothing in which the heart exults, in which Virtue almost becomes visible in her glory, in such a cry as this, from the oppressed to the oppressor?—

> Enough for me, with joy I see
> The diff'rent doom our fates assign;
> Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
> To triumph, and to die, are mine!

But, it is not only the defeat of his project that the Bard prophecies to Edward. It is vengeance, also; it is his own misfortunes; it is the calamities of his race. I could hardly have expected from Dr. Johnson, that a poem, in which a wicked action (for as such we are to take it) is punished according to the popular notion of *judgments*, would have been said to promote no truth, moral or political. Here, I should not have imagined that Dr. Johnson would dispute the machinery; but, putting that out of the question, the moral and political truth promoted is, that neither public not private wrong are to be committed with impunity. If both the fact and the inference are truths, then a great moral truth is promoted by the exhibition of a signal example; if the fact be false, then, at the least, the powers of fiction are employed in supporting, upon abstract ground, the same valuable truth. So that, the *Bard*, at the lowest, is to be ranked among those moral poems in which the Muse defends the weak against the strong; in which she menaces the oppressor with

sufferings, against which, in the plenitude of his might, he can avail himself of no defence; in which she holds out to the oppressed, in the one hand a shield to protect, and in the other a sword to avenge them. Dr. Johnson was apparently led to slight the moral tendency of the Bard, by a perusal of the warm encomium of Algarotti: *Con qual forza, con qual ardore nol fa egli acceso della sacra fiamma del estro e della libertà?*

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was a son of sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles I, and was born at Witham in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1613, with the remarkable circumstance of his mother going till the eleventh month with him.

"His life," says Langbaine, "was not less remarkable than his birth; for he had so pregnant a genius that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine years of age." If this circumstance is true, it would seem that he had learned Latin from his nurse, nor ever heard any other language; for it is not to be supposed that he could speak Latin at five, in consequence of study.

From this early foundation he proceeded in the course of his studies, and acquired a general knowledge of polite literature; but applied himself more particularly to music and poetry.

In the acquisition of polite and general knowledge his proficiency exceeded his application; for, though the sprightliness and vivacity of his temper would not suffer him to be long intent upon any particular study, he was made ample amends for it by the strength of his genius and quickness of his apprehension.

When he had completed his studies, and taken a survey of the most remarkable things at home, he travelled, to digest and enlarge his knowledge from a view of the government and manners of other countries.

In his travels, he made a campaign under Gustavus-Adolphus, where he was present at three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes.

He returned to England a most accomplished gentleman, and devoted himself to the court, where he became conspicuous for his gaiety, wit and gallantry, and was allowed to have the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did become him.

Already a finished courtier and a man of fashion, he was now a prodigy of poetry; the intimate friend and companion of Jonson, Carew, Davenant, and other wits; and, like them, had the honour of writing plays for the diversion of the court, in the exhibition of which he went to great expense. "Sir John Sutlin's (Suckling's) play cost *three* or *four hundred pounds* setting out; eight or ten suits of new clothes he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality." *Stafford's Letters*, vol. ii, p. 150. The play on which he expended this large sum was *Aglaura*.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his loyalty was more conspicuous than his valour. He raised a troop of horse for the king's service, entirely at his own charge, and so richly and completely mounted, that it cost him 12,000l. But this troop, and their leader, distinguished themselves only by their finery, for they did nothing for the king's service. He laid his miscarriage very much to heart; but the prematurity of his death prevented him from repairing it. He died of a fever, the 7th of May, 1641, in the 28th year of his age.

The advantages of birth, person, education, parts, and fortune, with which he set out in life, had raised the expectations of his contemporaries to a prodigious height; and, perhaps, his dying so young was better for his fame than if he had lived longer.

While he valued himself upon nothing more than the character of a courtier, and a fine gentleman, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellences of genius, and cultivated poetry merely as an amusement.

He did enough, however, in the short space he lived, to procure him the esteem of his own age, and to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.

He wrote four dramatic pieces. The *Goblins*, a comedy, acted at the private house in Blackfriars, 1636. In this play he has followed the footsteps of Shakspeare, of whom he was a professed admirer. His Reginella is an imitation of Miranda in the tempest; and his Goblins, though counterfeits, being only thieves in disguise, seemed to be copied from Ariel, in the same play. *Aglaura*, acted at court, and at the private house in Blackfriars, 1637, with much applause; it has the last act so altered, that it may be either represented as a tragedy, or tragi-comedy. The *Discontented Colonel*. The first sketch of *Brennoralt*, a tragedy, exhibited in 1639. The *Sad One*, a tragedy, unfinished.

His plays were printed together in 1646. There are several editions of *Poems*, *Letters*, and *Plays*, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*; or, *a Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces of Sir John Suckling*, 8vo; the last in 2 vols. 12mo, 1774, by T. Davies. His poems, commonly seen in detached portions, are now inserted in Dr. Anderson's collection of classical English poetry.

The Session of the Poets, his most celebrated performance, was written in 1637, about the time of Jonson's death, as appears from *Stafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 114. It contains a species of satire, humour, and raillery, that has been imitated by many succeeding poets, and applied to a variety of occasions. *The Ballad on a Wedding* has much humour and vivacity. His other pieces, which are chiefly amatory, contain marks of genius, and true poetry, with much levity and extravagance. The poem *Against Fruition*, in particular, has some weighty and vigorous lines; but there is a warmth in some of his descriptions, which is rather to be admired than approved of. *The Supplement of some verses of Shakspeare* is not inferior to the imperfect copy in *Tarquin and Lucrece*. The *Songs* are gay and sprightly, and more polished than his other pieces; the general defect of which is want of smoothness and harmony, in which he does not much excel Jonson, and is greatly inferior to Carew, Davenant, and other poets of that age.

His character is given by Dryden, who calls him "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer."

Winstanley says, "he was the delight of the Court, and the darling of the Muses, and one so filled with Phœbean fire as, for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be crowned with a wreath of stars."

Lloyd, with less exaggeration, and more truth, says "his poems are clear, sprightly and natural; his discourses, full and convincing; his plays, well humoured and taking; his letters, fragrant and sparkling."

He observes further, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and, at the same time, makes allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion, which a little more time and experience would have corrected.

The justness of the observation is exemplified by his *Discourse on Religion*, to Lord Dorset, and his *Thoughts on the State of the Nation*, 1640, in which he has shown that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as men of more years and less fire.

Lloyd concludes his account of him with the following character, in which he alludes to his Thoughts on Public Affairs, and to some serious reflections which he delivered to his friends, during his last illness:

Ne hæ zelantis animæ sacriores
Scintillulæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes
Cœlum et Author magnus ipsa, quam
Aliis dedit, careret memoria, interesse
Posteris putavimus brevem honoratissimi
Viri *Johannis Sucklingii* vitam historia
Esse perennandam.

Utpote qui nobilissima *Sucklingiorum* familia oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum accepit, honorem, *Nat. Cal. April* 1613. *Withamæ* in *agro Middles.* renatus ibid. *Maii 7mo.* et denatus 1641,

haud jam trigesimus, et scripta dignissima fecit, et factu dignissima scripsit, calamo pariter et gladio celebris, pacis artium gnarus et belli.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[We have just received a new and valuable work from the pen of Dr. Aikin, entitled "Geographical Delineations, or a Compendious view of the natural and political state of all parts of the Globe." These elegant volumes have no resemblance to the usual meagreness and dryness of geographical systems; but in the author's own words, afford, in a moderate compass, and under an agreeable form, such a view of every thing most important, relative to the natural and political state of the world, which we inhabit, as may dwell upon the mind in vivid colours, and durably impress it with just and instructive notions. As a very agreeable specimen of this ingenious and instructive work we select the Doctor's character of the Anglo-Americans, in which, with great liberality and candour we may perceive many of our national features delineated.]

The European population of the United States has proceeded chiefly from England, of which country they were all subject colonies till the revolution. The English origin is the most pure and unmixed in the people of New England, comprehending the three north eastern states, and next to them in those of Virginia and the Carolinas. New York and New Jersey were originally Dutch colonies, and Pennsylvania have a large admixture of Swedes and Germans. In later times, great numbers have emigrated from Scotland, Ireland, and also from the continent of Europe, who have gone principally to the back parts of the middle and southern States. These diversities of origin, together with the differences of climate, cannot but have produced a variety in the dispositions and manners of the inhabitants of the several states: yet enough of general similarity remains, whereon to found an idea of national character.

The Anglo-Americans (by which name they are generally designated in Europe) resemble their progenitors in a sedateness of temper, allied to coldness and phlegm, but which renders them persevering in their exertions and stedfast in their purposes. They are considered by strangers as reserved and unsocial, and have undergone the imputation of craft and unfairness in their dealings, with an immoderate thirst for gain. But it would not be easy to point out any commercial people whose ardour for gain could be termed moderate; and mercantile honour and generosity are usually only the results of acquired opulence. The great mass of the American people at present are employed either in the toilsome and anxious culture of new lands, or in speculations in trade with small capitals. They are therefore keen and eager after profit, and apt to be little scrupulous as to means; but these faults, it may be presumed, will be amended when they arrive at the condition of established capitalists. It has been imagined that the advantages offered to agriculture, by the easy terms on which unsettled land was to be procured, would give a general preference to the rural life, and that the manners usually supposed attendant on that mode of life would be predominant. But the commercial character seems radical in the Americans, and the love of bargaining is almost universal. Agriculture is pursued on a trading principle; and nothing is more common than, when a new seller has, by a residence for some years in the wilderness, cleared a spot, and brought it into a tolerable state of cultivation, that he disposes of it on profitable terms, and recommences his toils in the solitary forest.

To compare the Americans, with respect to their taste for literature and the arts, with the nations of Europe, abounding in men of wealth and leisure, and possessed of excellent models of every kind, would be unjust; but it may be affirmed that the numerous institutions for liberal education argue no want of attention to this point; and in many of the states the knowledge and the love of letters, to a certain degree, are very widely diffused. To mechanical inventions and the useful sciences they seem to have a peculiar aptitude. In domestic and public virtue they need not shun competition with any people. Upon the whole, there is a solidity in their national character which may justify the hope that, as it carried them with success through their hard struggle, and through subsequent difficulties, so it will enable them to preserve the singular civil advantages they possess, and make them worthy of the title of a free people.

In the comparison of the different states, those of New England, originally settled by an austere and gloomy sect, but sober, industrious, and considerate, are still reckoned the most orderly, public spirited and enlightened, but among the least agreeable in their manners. They have a remarkable spirit of enterprise, and compose the greatest part of the emigrants to the new territories in the west and south. At the opposite point of the scale are the Georgians, Carolinians and Virginians, partaking of the indolence, dissipation, and warm passions of the West Indian character, but hospitable and generous. The use of negro-slaves as la-

bourers and domestics has exerted that unfavourable influence upon their morals, which can never, under any regulations, be entirely obviated. The intermediate states have mingled shades of character, in which may be traced the operation of the peculiar climates under which they live.

For the Port Folio.

A very singular Account of a Sleep-Walker.

FROM THE JOURNAL ENCYCLOPEDIQUE.

John Baptiste Negretti, of Vicenze, a domestic of the marquis Louis Sale, was a man of a brown complexion, of a very dry, hot constitution, by nature choleric, and by custom a drunkard. From the age of eleven he became subject to sleep-walking; but he was never seized with these fits, except in the month of March; and, at the furthest, they left him by the middle of April.

Messrs. Reghelini and Pagatti took a particular pleasure in observing him, while in this condition; and it is to the latter of these gentlemen, whose probity is beyond the reach of slander, that we are now indebted for the following circumstantial detail.

In the month of March, 1745, toward the evening, Negretti, having sat down upon a chair in an antichamber, fell asleep, and passed a quarter of an hour like any other man in the same situation: he then stretched himself for some time, and afterwards remained motionless, as if he wanted to pay attention to something. At length he arose, walked across the apartment, took a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and seemed desirous to have some tobacco; but, finding he had hardly any left, he assumed a look of disappointment, and advancing to the chair, which a certain person was wont to occupy, he called him by his name, and asked him for some tobacco: the other accordingly presented him his box open, and Negretti, having taken his quid, put himself in an attitude of listening; when imagining he heard himself called, he ran with a wax taper to a place where there usually stood a burning candle. Thinking he had lighted his taper, he crossed the hall with it, and went gently down stairs, stopping and turning about from time to time, as if he had been conducting along a visitor: on reaching the outward door, he placed himself on one side of it, saluted the company he imagined he was ushering out, and bowed as each of them seemed to pass him: this ceremony over, he returned up stairs very quick, extinguished his taper, and went to put it back in the place where he had found it. This scene he repeated three times the same evening. Having left the antichamber, he went into the dining-room, searched in his pocket for the key of the beaufet, and called by name for the servant whose duty it was to deliver that key to him every night before he went to bed. On receiving it he opened the beaufet, took a silver waiter or salver out of it (on which he put four glass decanters), and went to the kitchen, in order, no doubt, to fill them with water. He came back with them empty, however; and, when he had reached the middle of the stair-case, he put what he had in his hands upon a kind of post or pillar, ascended the remaining steps, and knocked at a door: as it was not opened to him, he returned down stairs, went in search of the valet-de-chambre, asked him some questions, turned upon his heel, and, running precipitately up the stair-case, accidentally touched the salver with his elbow, and broke the decanters. He again knocked at the door; but to no purpose; and on his return down stairs, he took the salver with him; which, having carried it into the dining-room, he placed upon a little table. Thence he went to the kitchen, took a pitcher, carried it to the pump (where he filled it with water), and then returned to the kitchen again. He afterwards went to the salver, and, missing the decanters, was displeased; said they certainly ought to be there, as he had placed them himself, and inquired of the other servants if they had taken them away. After a long search, he opened the beaufet again, took out two other decanters, rinsed them, poured water into them, put them on the salver; he then carried the whole into the antichamber, to the very door of the dining-room where the valet-de-chambre was wont to receive them from his hands. They accordingly took the salver and decanters from him, and a little while after returned them. On this, he went to the kitchen, wiped some plates with a cloth, held them to the fire as if he had wanted to dry them, and in like manner cleaned the other plates. These preparations completed, he returned to the beaufet, put the cloth and napkins into a small basket, and went, loaded with all these things, directly to a table, where there used to be a lighted candle. Having, by the light of this candle, seemed to search for a fork and knife, he carried back the basket, and shut the beaufet; and having afterward carried into the antichamber every thing he had taken out of the beaufet, and placed it upon a chair, he took a round table, at which the marchioness, his lady, used to eat, and covered it with great neatness. Beside it was another table, of the same form: this he sometimes touched by mistake; but always returned to that he wanted to cover. Now, that his business was finished, he walked about, blowed his nose, and took out his tobacco-box again; but withdrew his fingers from it, without offering to take any tobacco; as if he recollected, at the distance of at least two hours, that there was none in it:

yet, though he could not procure a quid, he found a few grains to throw upon his hand. Here concluded the first scene. The people about him threw some water upon his face, and he awoke.

The next day, while Negretti was yet awake, the marquis received company in his chamber; a circumstance which rarely happened. As the visitors increased, so increased the demand for chairs. Negretti, having in the interim fallen asleep, rose up, after a short nap, and, after blowing his nose, paid his respects to his tobacco-box, and hurried away in search of chairs. What is the most remarkable, is, that, while he held one chair with both hands, he came to the door, which was shut; when, instead of knocking at it, he let go one hand from the chair, opened the door, took up the chair as before, and carried it to the very place it ought to have been in. This done, he went to the beaufet, searched for the key of it, and seemed to be vexed that he could not find it: he took a candle, and examined every corner of the apartment, and every step of the stair-case, walking about with great quickness, and groping with his hands, in the hopes of finding the lost key. The valet-de-chambre slid it into his pocket; and Negretti, soon after putting his hand there by accident, found the key. Enraged at his folly, he then opened the beaufet; when, after taking out a napkin, a plate, and two rolls, he shut it again, and went to the kitchen: there he dressed a sallad, producing from a closet every thing necessary for that purpose; and, when he had done, he sat himself down, in order to eat it. This dish they presently took from him, and, in place of it, gave him one of cabbage, highly seasoned. He continued to eat, and to cabbage they substituted a cake, which he swallowed in the same manner, without appearing to know any difference; a circumstance which proves that he had not relished the sallad by the organs of the taste, but that the soul alone enjoyed this sensation, without the intervention of the body. While he ate, he now and then listened, thinking he was called; and once he persuaded himself that he actually was so. Accordingly he went down in great haste to the hall; and, finding he was not wanted, he stepped into the antichamber, and he asked the servants if he had not been wanted. Rather peevish at being disturbed, he returned to his supper in the kitchen; which after having finished, he said, in a half-whisper, that he should be glad to go to the next public house, in order to have a draught, if he had any money, and he examined his pockets, to no purpose: at length he rose from his seat, saying, he would go, however; that he would pay next day, and they would not scruple to trust him. With great alacrity he ran to the public house, which was at the distance of two gun-shots from the house; he knocked at the door, without trying whether it was open, as if he had known that, at so late an hour, it necessarily must be shut; and, on gaining admission, he called for half a pint of wine; instead of which, the landlord gave him the same quantity of water: this he drank up, insensible of the difference, and at his departure said he would pay for it on the morrow. With all haste he returned homeward, and, on entering the antichamber, asked the servants if his master had not wanted him. He then appeared in high spirits, and said he had been out to drink, and was the better for it. On this, they opened his eyes with their fingers, and he awoke.

The third scene. One Friday evening, he recollected, in his sleep, that the family-tutor had said to him, if he was seized with his somnambulancy that night, and would bring him a bason of soup, he would give him some drink-money. On this he rose, while fast asleep, and said aloud, that he would plan a trick for the tutor. He accordingly went down to the kitchen, and repairing thence to the tutor's chamber, as directed, he reminded him of his promise. The tutor gave him a small piece of money; on which Negretti, taking the valet-de-chambre by the arm, carried him along with him to the public house, and as he drank, related to him, in a very circumstantial manner, how he had duped the tutor, whose money he imagined he had received while awake. He laughed heartily, drank repeatedly to the tutor's health, and returned, all life and spirits, to the house.

Once, while Negretti was in this state of somnambulancy, a person took it in his head to hit him on the leg with a stick: imagining it to be a dog, he grumbled; and, as the person continued to strike him, he went in search of a switch, and pursued the supposed dog, brandishing it about him with all his might: at length he fell into a rage, and, in despair of finding him, poured forth a load of abuse upon the cur: he produced a morsel of bread from his pocket, called the dog by his name, and kept a switch concealed: they threw a muff to him, which he took for the dog, and upon it he discharged his fury.

M. Pagatti, in the course of his repeated observations upon Negretti, remarked, that every night he did something new: he likewise observed, that while his fit lasted, he enjoyed neither the sense of seeing, nor of hearing, nor of smelling, nor of tasting. We have seen that he would eat victuals of different sorts, without perceiving the change: he heard no noise, however great: he perceived no candle, though it was held near enough to scorch his eye-lids: he felt not a feather, though they violently tickled his nose with it: as for the touch, he sometimes had it tolerably acute, and sometimes exceedingly blunt.

For the Port Folio.

[In a recent number of Carpenter's Monthly Register, that gentleman has devoted a chapter to "American Literature," and has reviewed, at some length, the last poem from the pen of Mr. Fessenden. As this criticism is, with a few exceptions, consonant to the opinion we have repeatedly expressed of the genius of *our* Butler, an opinion fully supported by the whole body of British Critics, who could be under the influence of no party, personal, or private motives to bias their praise, it gives us pleasure to have another opportunity of calling public attention to literary merit.]

IT may be necessary occasionally to remind the reader that the editor of this work has pledged himself to strict candour, not only in the conduct of the historical part, but in his critical reviews of publications of a political tendency; and "to observe the same impartiality, and render the same literary justice to the political writer, whether he maintain the opinions of a BURKE or a PAINE, a MONTESQUIEU or a MACHIAVEL." * In discussing the merits of such works, he has disadvantages to encounter, but he is determined to meet them. On one side suspicion will lead some to say that when he praises the writings of the partisans of their principles, he has not praised them sufficiently, or where he has found cause to dispraise, that he has censured too much; while every thing he says in favour of the opposite writers will be construed into prejudice and partiality. On the other side it is not impossible that he will be impeached by some of trimming up his criticism to please the majority. Were he to prostrate his judgment at the feet of such considerations, and to suffer himself to be suspected and surmised in silence, this work would have very little claim to the public support. He therefore purposes to proceed forward, regardless of any whispers that might warp him from his duty, and (profiting by the beautiful allegory of ULYSSES in the epic poem) to stuff his ears with wax, and tie himself to the mast, while he passes by the Pelorian island of political disquisition. With party or its subdivisions, such a work as this cannot properly have any thing to do; and if in reviewing books of general political principle, he should do what he thinks justice to an author, he claims to be acquitted from any motive connected with party. In England, where party zeal rages scarcely so violently, even within its comparatively narrow compass, and certainly not by many degrees so extensively as in this country, the reviews present a lamentable proof of the taint which that unpropitious spirit has given to those who have obtained a kind of prescriptive right to cater for the public taste and judgment. While some of them are downright partisans; others pursue right, but seem to be occasionally diverged from the straight road by incidental obliquities resulting from zeal in defence of a particular tenet, and are suspected of partiality, because that tenet belongs to a party: while, after all, it is likely that the censure or the praise bestowed upon those same reviews may result from minds no less, or perhaps more than them tainted with prejudice. Such is the difficulty of the critic, and so little is the hope that he has a right to entertain of escaping censure.

Aware of the caution that ought to be observed in making up his judgment on the opinion of others, however estimable they may be in the editor's mind, he purposes to abstain wholly from announcing any American publication, till he has had an opportunity of revising it himself. He apprehends that from time to time many valuable tracts are published in the Northern states, which do not reach Charleston, till they are either grown old in esteem, or have so far faded as to forbid recommendation. Since the publication of the last number, one has been sent to him from Boston; which, as he considers it to be deserving of public notice, he takes the earliest opportunity of offering it to his readers, particularly to those in this state, many of whom residing so far from the place of its publication, may be unacquainted with its merits, or even its existence. It is entitled,

* See the prospectus.

DEMOCRACY UNVEILED,

Or, Tyranny Stript of its Garb of Patriotism.

By Doctor Caustic, L. L. D.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

This is a series of poems in the Hudibrastic vein, intended to expose the mischiefs arising from the abuses of democracy; for though the author gives it the title of *Democracy Unveiled*, he knows too well the great and essential mixture of democracy in the British, and the still stronger portion which pervades the federal constitution, to mean an indiscriminate attack upon that great fundamental principle, in all free governments (by which words we mean good government) to reject or censure it in all its modifications. Having suggested this, which we conceive to be a fair conclusion, the next observation that occurs to us is that the introduction of party names and party concerns forbids our entertaining it as a political production, and leaves scarcely more than the merits of the work, as a poetical composition, for us to descant upon.

In that point of view it has claims to praise, which we think political adversaries themselves will be ready to acknowledge. No man living has been more richly entertained by the *Lousiad* of Peter Pindar than the illustrious personage who is the subject of its ridicule; and we have no doubt that there are some of those to whom our author has applied his *Caustic*, who will have not only regard enough for genius, and admiration of wit, but sufficient magnanimity also to relish those his cantos. The right of the satirist is indefeasible. To be perfectly within the limits of its laws and privileges, it must be true and it must be general: satire, merely personal,* dwindles into lampoon; and is censurable because it is defamatory. The leading objects of doctor Caustic's satire bring his cantos in verse, within the former; how far the introduction of personalities may have brought him within the censure of the latter, or how far they were necessary to the elucidation of his main design, we leave to the readers of them to settle in their own minds.

With the single exception of the author of M'Fingal, no one, since the days of Butler, has succeeded in that species of verse, since called Hudibrastic, so well as the author of these poems. His images are by no means so ludicrous, his combinations so whimsical, or so felicitously incongruous as those of his great original: but his inferiority in that respect is in some sort balanced by the vehemence of his satire, in which he seems to have called in the spirits of Persius and Churchill to his aid. It were to be wished that those well-meaning writers, who labour to decry the spirit of evil which has for some years past risen from abused democracy, would keep in sight the distinctions which exist between the doctrines and practices, classed under that general term. Confounding what is good of it, with that which is bad, by mixing them under one head, diminishes, if it does not destroy, the effect, which might otherwise be produced in exposing the latter to view and to consequent detestation. Jacobinism, to be sure, makes democracy its ladder; but when it has mounted to its height, becomes distinct from, though still assuming to belong to it, in order to cover itself from abhorrence and execration. Every man of sense and virtue must unequivocally curse jacobinism, but no man can, at the same time admire the old British constitution, or respect the American, and be willing to crush democracy. Indeed, this does not seem at all to be the design of the verses before us, which go to the abuses of democracy merely; our objection in reality, therefore, in this instance, lies not to the book, but to the name of it. We think it, in some respects, a misnomer.

This work, like Hudibras, is divided into cantos, the first of which is called

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* Here we think the critic not perfectly correct. Mr. Pope's opinion, in contradiction of this, is perhaps too trite for quotation. But the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, whose judgment we may not venture to impeach, has told us with "his voice potential," that satire never *can have effect without a personal application.* It *must* come home to the bosoms and often to the offences of *particular* men. [*Note by the Editor.*

the *Tocsin*. In this the author unfolds his purpose pretty boldly.

" A mortal foe to fools and rogues,
Your mortal democrats and demagogues,
Who've sworn they will not leave us a brick,
Of freedom's blood-cemented fabric.

" I'll search in democratic annals,
Elicit truth from dirty channels,
Describe low knaves in high condition,
Though speaking truth be deem'd sedition.

" I would not, willingly, omit
One scoundrel, high enough to hit,
But should I chance to make omission,
I'll put him in my next edition.

" But still with caution will refrain
From giving honest people pain;
And only private vice unmask,
Where public good requires the task.

" I would not wantonly annoy—
Would no man's happiness destroy;
None lives, I say, with honest pride, who
Despises slander more than I do."

After revealing the kind of persons, some of them by name, for whom he is preparing the scourge, he concludes the canto with a further explanation of his intention, in the following lines:

" But my design, and hope, and trust is,
To bring your leading knaves to justice;
Exposed on satire's gibbets high,
To frighten others of the fry.

" Thus, when our prudent farmers find
Your democrats of feather'd kind,
Crows, black-birds, and rapacious jays,
Dispos'd to plunder fields of maize,

" If haply they destroy a few
Of such a lawless, plundering crew,
They hang them in conspicuous place,
To terrify the pilfering race."

The second canto bears the title of *Illuminism*, in which he treats the proselytes of WEISHAUPT, the Deists, and Atheists, with very little ceremony, as the origin of the evils of the French revolution.

" We now the origin will trace
Of that dire pest to human race,
That freedom with which France was curst,
Till Bonaparte the bubble burst."

On this subject it was impossible for him to be too severe. The wickedness of the thing gives every man a right to inflict the lash; and Doctor CAUSTIC has used his privilege with a vengeance. He traces it from ROUSSEAU.

" 'Twas thence concluded, by Rousseau,
That *all refinement* did but go
To alter nature's simple plan,
And *scoundrelize* the creature man.

" From such rude data, theoriz'd,
That *man were best unciviliz'd;*
Like those philosophers, who prate
Of innocence in savage state.

" E'en took it in his crazy noddle
A *savage* was *perfection's* model;
And nature, without cultivation,
The *ne plus ultra* of creation."

Thence he follows the evil through the sophists; thence passes to the secret illuminati; and, lastly, to the practical jacobins and their plans, embracing, with Atheism, all the ruinous insurrectionary doctrines of that sect.

" And now the boding storm began
To threaten *civil, social* man;
While phials of illumination
Are pour'd on each surrounding nation.
Kings, nobles, priests, *besotted elves,*
Strangely combin'd against themselves."

The stand made by Great-Britain, against the progress of those doctrines, is then adverted to, and a compliment is paid Mr. PITT, whose services are here, as well as in many other works, greatly magnified.* After which, the poet concludes the canto, with the falling of the curtain at the end of the horrible jacobinical drama, the catastrophe of which he glances at in the following lines:

" But, well the reader knows, I fancy,
How *freedom alamode de François*
Was *forc'd* to chose for her protector
The Corsic despot to perfect her.

" Surrender'd all her harlot charms
To murd'rer Bonaparté's arms;
And now, is doubtless, safe enough in
The clutches of that raggamuffin."

The third canto, is headed with *Mobocracy*, and is so replete with that kind

* The general determination to consider Mr. Pitt as the efficient conservator of Europe upon this occasion is scarcely less fanatical than the obstinacy of some religious sectaries in their tenets. Burke's assertions and predictions of regicide peace (his testamentary work) are now matter of history. And that series will shew, that if Mr. Pitt, or rather the queen's cabinet (of which he was the mouth piece) did some good, they also did much evil.....had they acted as they ought to have done, Europe would have been at safe peace eight years ago.

of humour, which belongs to Hudibrastic writing, that we apprehend it will produce merriment, even among those who are most adverse to the opinions it contains; and most abhorrent of personalities. Many of that sort of whimsical forced rhymes, which produce such laughable effects in BUTLER's renowned work are found in this canto, and produce pleasant sensations.

"When democrats, from public papers,
Learn'd how the French were cutting capers,
They lost the little wits they had,
And were, poor things, completely mad.
"No dancing bear, whipp'd round a *stake*, *or*
Wild, whirligigging, shaking, Quaker,
E'er equall'd mad gesticulation
Of democratic gratulation.
"But time would fail to set forth *now how*
Full many a democratic *pow wow*," &c.

In this canto, the poet states the progress of French jacobin principles in America, with the circumstances which rendered the public feelings prompt for the reception of such delusive schemes, as the revolutionists of France held out, and after glancing at a leading character, as one who greatly contributed to the circulation and encouragement of those principles, and at the means employed for that purpose; he concludes the third canto, with a promise, which he performs in the fourth, and in which the reader will find a genuine specimen of the Hudibrastic.

"But as I had, from natal hour,
Respect for great men, *while in Power*,
I mean right merrily to chant o-
Ver his praise, in my next canto."

The doctor commences his fourth canto, which he entitles *the Jeffersoniad*, with the following ludicrous lines, in which the genius of BUTLER, as indeed throughout the greater part of the volume, is very conspicuous.

"With awe scarce short of adoration,
Before the glory of our nation,
With scrape submissive, cap in hand,
I, doctor CAUSTIC, trembling stand.
And offer with that veneration,
Due to his highness's high station,
My services to daub and gloss over,
A philanthropical philosopher."

The incidents which furnish the doctor with the materials for his satire on this canto, are not at all new. They have repeatedly been the subjects of the public prints opposed to the present administration; whatever the merit or demerit of them may be, therefore, the doctor has nothing to do with them as originals; but he is entitled to consideration of a much superior kind, that of presenting them in a pleasing form; that of making agreeable things in themselves painful, and of converting objects, which in other forms were hurtful to feeling, and disgusting to refined taste, into palatable, intellectual food. Whatever he touches, receives such a tincture of the humourous, from the whimsical attitude in which he places it, that it is impossible to resist the impression it makes upon the fancy of those even who dislike the subject. Instead of a dull repetition of the attacks upon the high personage alluded to, he ironically defends him upon them, or rather varnishes them over.

"Touch'd by my pencil, every fault
Shall fade away like mount of salt,
Which late 'tis said, in weather rainy,
Was melted in Louisiana.
"Posterity shall puff the statesman,
Who I will prove is our *first rate's man*,
Nor Gaffer Time shall dare to tarnish
The character I mean to varnish."

Of the subject matter of this canto, there are some parts which nothing but the unparallelled licentiousness to which the practice of political scurrility, beginning we know not where, has long habituated the public journals, on both sides, and in that way rendered familiar to the public ear, could have made, in their original form, even tolerable; but, considering that they have already been bandied about, and, that allusion to them now is not creating new calumny, we apprehend that there are but few persons who may not draw amusement from them, as they are presented by doctor CAUSTIC. Even of those, who most reprobated the matter in the naked state, in which it originally stood in the columns of political controversy, there are few who will not say of this canto, what doctor JOHNSON, in his pre-

face to SHAKSPEARE, says of the character of Falstaff....." *His licentiousness is not so offensive but it may be borne for his mirth.*"

In the fifth canto, entitled, *the Gibbet of Satire*, doctor CAUSTIC descends to the inferior agents of the party which he lashes. It is, in our opinion, much less pleasing than those preceding. In the notes to this canto, is included an excellent song, called, *Fanaticism*, which deserves, not only notice for its ingenuity, but praise for its being a satire upon that pernicious class of impostors, FIELD PREACHERS.

In the sixth, and last canto, styled, *Monition*, the doctor gives, to the people, some advice, in which he displays much good sense, in doggrel rhymes. Upon the whole, this is a work, which, though in some points exceptionable, must be considered as making a very conspicuous link in the chain of progressive American literature, and as standing high in that class, which, it is hoped, will hereafter confer upon this part of the world a just title to rank with the nations of the old world, in works of wit and humour. We cannot dismiss the subject without subjoining a few verses of advice, which are well worthy the consideration of the people, and which, if duly followed, would greatly profit the community.

" Sirs, (my opinion to be blunt in)
The first step must be, "scoundrel hunting!"
The minions of a wicked faction,
Hiss! hoot quite off the stage of action!

Next, every man throughout the nation
Must be contented in his station,
Nor think to cut a figure greater
Than was design'd for him by nature.

No tinker bold with *brazen* pate,
Should set himself to *patch* the state,
No cobbler leave, at faction's call,
His *last*, and thereby lose his *all*.

No brawny blacksmith, brave and stout,
Our constitution *hammer* out,
For if he's wise, he'll not desire
Too many *irons* in the fire;—

And though a master of his trade,
With politics on *anvil* laid,
He may take many a *heat*, and yet he
Can't *weld* a bye-law or a treaty.

No tailor, than his *goose* more silly,
Should cut the state a garment, till he
Is sure he has the *measure* right,
Lest it *fit* awkward, *loose*, or *tight*,

No farmer had he Ceres' skill,
The commonwealth should think to *till*,
For many *soils* in human nature,
Would mock his art as *cultivator*."

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming;
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

[The following ingenious and scholastic toasts were given at a party of Virginian graduates.]

1. THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.—May every quarter open to our scattered steps the paths of wisdom, wealth, and glory.

2. THE SEVEN SCIENCES.—May they never cease to illuminate our land, while the *seven stars* continue to rise and set.

3. I. GRAMMAR.—Success to *concord* and good *government*. An *active* man always in the *imperative*.

4. II. LOGIC.—Wealthy *premises* to the industrious.

5. III. RHETORIC.—In these times 'twere well to try the *sublime* of the cannon. Above all, the *ironical matter* should not be omitted, for that never fails touching the feelings of the insolent.

6. IV. ARITHMETIC.—Avoid internal *divisions*. They are the *root* of evils without *number*, and eventually *reduce* a *nation* to the most *vulgar fractions*. On the contrary line in the *alligations* of *fellowship* and *unity*, and every day will *add sum-proof* of your having *calculated* wisely.

7. V. GEOMETRY.—May our *rulers* alway *survey* well the ground on which they stand: May the people never be *encompassed* by the *plots* of *chain-carriers*, and may a *chord-of sixty* be the *protractor* of the traitor's neck.

8. VI. May no *revolution eclipse the sun* of Liberty; but may its disk be without spot, and its beams encircle both hemispheres at once.

9. VII. MUSIC.—May the whole *tenor* of our lives move *counter* to what is *base*.

10. GEOGRAPHY.—Let our laws be *bounded* by the *equator* of justice, and let no *latitude* be given to him who *crosses the line*.

11. CHEMISTRY.—The *refinement* of Athens—the *mettle* of Sparta, and the *Regulus* of Rome.

12. MECHANIC.—*Perpetual motion* to the *wheels* of the Federal constitution. May execration never leave the politician who is a *lever* of its principles.

13. THE LANGUAGES.—May the *living* be not too much given to the *grave*, and may the *dead* never be forgotten.

ANECDOTE OF ADDISON.

Mr. Temple Stanyan (says Dr. Birch) on some exigency borrowed a sum of money from Addison, with whom he lived in terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom; but from this time, he agreed implicitly to every thing, Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behaviour did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started, on which they had before controverted one another's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying with some emotion, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money."

CHARCOAL TOOTH POWDER.

By late London papers we observe that powdered charcoal has become the fashionable dentrifice in the higher circles. It is better adapted to the cleaning of teeth than any other substance with which we are acquainted. It corrects the fætor which arises from decayed teeth, at the same time that it whitens them as far as this is possible. We earnestly recommend it to our readers. The celebrated Dr. Darwin directs it to be prepared in the following manner: a lump of charcoal should be put a second time into the fire till it is red hot, as soon as it becomes cool the external ashes should be blown off, and it should be immediately reduced to fine powder in a mortar, sifted and kept close stopped in a phial. It should be used every morning, upon a brush, which is not too hard, with warm water. After every meal, the mouth should be carefully rinced, to dislodge any animal matter, from between the teeth, which by becoming putrid would destroy the enamel, produce pain, and ultimately destroy the teeth.

INSTANCES OF EARLY PROFICIENCY.

Avicenna, born at Borhara, at ten years understood human sciences and the Alkoran, and went through all the Encyclopædia before 18, in which time he slept not one whole night, and minded nothing but reading.—HOTTINGAR.

Torquato Tasso spoke plain at six months old; at three years went to school; at seven he understood Latin and Greek, and made verses; before twelve he finished his course of rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics; at seventeen received his degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity, and printed his 'Rinaldo.'

Grotius,, at eight years old, made verses, and performed his public exercises in philosophy; before fifteen he put forth his Commentary upon Martianus Capella; at sixteen he pleaded causes, and at seventeen he put forth his Commentary upon Aratus.

Calvin printed his Institutions before he was twenty-five.

Tostatus learned all the liberal sciences without being taught, and writ, in the forty years he lived, as much as most in that time can read; and yet, at the same time, he was counsellor to the king, referendary major of Spain, and professor of philosophy, divinity, and law, in Salamanca.

Monsieur *Pascal*, observing the sound of an earthen dish at table, inquired the reason, and presently after wrote a Treatise concerning Sounds, at about eleven years of age; at twelve he read and comprehended Euclid's Elements with great facility, without any master; at sixteen, he composed a Treatise on Conics; at nineteen, he invented that instrument in arithmetic, now in print.

Queen *Elizabeth* wrote a good hand before she was four years old, and understood Italian, for there are letters extant, written by her in that language to Queen Jane, when she was with-child, in which she subscribed Daughter, &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Elegy on a Dog, by QUERCINUS, gives us much reason to fear that the poor animal died mad, and had bitten the writer.

Are the Days of our friend DIARY at an end? Or is he less *impatient* than formerly of the Night? We shall hail his returning dawn with satisfaction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

VERSES TO A FRIEND.

Clad with the moss of gathering years,
The stone of fame shall moulder down,
Long dried from soft affection's tears,
Its place unheeded or unknown.

Ah! who would strive for fame that flies
Like forms of mist before the gale?
Renown but breathes before it dies:
A meteor's path, an idiot's tale!

Beneath retirement's sheltering wing,
From mad conflicting crouds remote,
Beside some grove-encircled spring,
Let wisdom build thine humble cot.

There clasp your fair one to your breast;
Your eyes impearl'd with transport's tear,
By turns caressing and caress'd,
Your infant prattlers sporting near.

Content thy humble board shall dress,
And *Poverty* shall guard thy door:—
Of *wealth and fame*, if you have less
Than monarchs, you of *bliss* have more.

TO HARRIET.

With a Bracelet which dropped from her arm.

Happy Bracelet! I must thee yield,
And send thee back to Harriet's arm;
Oh! be thou there a magic shield,
To guard her from impending harm.

Oh! could I take thy envied place,
And touch like thee her lovely face,
Like thee to press that roseate lip
Where Bees would linger long to sip.

Or could I make thy twisted hair
Fetters to bind the scornful Fair—
Then would I try Persuasion's art,
To win the happy Harriet's heart.

ADDRESS,

Spoken by MRS. JONES, on her Benefit night, *at the Theatre, New-York.*

Inspir'd by hope, not quite unmix'd with fear,
Before my much lov'd patrons I appear,
A supplicant, for leave to show my heart,
And act—what long I've felt—*a grateful part.*
And did you know with what delight I trace
The progress of your favours in this place,—
From that first night my female terrors fled
To the rich bounties which now crown my head;
Then would you own your little Stranger's mind
Is not less *thankful*, than you're always *kind!*
Five circling moons have scarcely gone their round
Since I first stept upon *this scenic ground.*
With throbbing pulse, and half-drawn breast, I came
An anxious, trembling candidate for fame.
Your sense, your taste, your science, I had heard,
Would weigh me strictly—judge then what I fear'd,
And judge too of the raptures in my breast,
To find your goodness equal all the rest.
Here, if by force of words could be convey'd
The deep impression which your kindness made,
Art's choicest terms should paint the glowing swell
My bosom feels—tho' language fails to tell.
Nor did I, as my *guardians* will allow,
Think heart-felt thanks are all the debt I owe,
Since gay, or sad, or well, *or ill at ease,*
My constant study has been—*still to please.*
For your enliv'ning *plaudits* are the pole,
To which still points the magnet of my soul.
When Sickness came—*Detraction in his train—*
And Truth and Candour were invok'd in vain,
Then did I turn my drooping thoughts to *you,*
And found my hopes revive—my health renew.
The thoughts of *you* can brace me, tho' unstrung,
Re-light my eyes, and re-inspire my tongue.
Rear'd by your care—nurs'd by your fost'ring hands,
Frost—mildew—blight escap'd—the flower expands;
The tender germe, which lay conceal'd ere while,
Shoots—blossoms—blooms—and ripens in your smile.
And long—ah! long may your protecting aid
The chief sweet solace of my life be made;
Long—very long, may memory combine,
On your part FAVOUR—GRATITUDE *on mine.*

EPIGRAM.

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend,
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get:
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune blend 'em, if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man.

Epitaph on that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere.

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

On an Infant.

The railing world turn'd poet, made a play,
I came to see, disliked, and went away.

A Periwig-maker's Sign of Absalom in the Oak.

If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,
He'd ne'er been found a hanging there.

On Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

In Winchester Church Yard.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,
Physic their Cobler is, and Death their Last.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the barrister's wigs, bags, and gowns!
But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd—
What, cried she, must I suffer, because the old knave
Without leaving a will is laid snug in his grave?
That's no wonder, says one, for it's very well known
Since he married, poor man, he'd no *will* of his own.

To a Lady, who lamented she could not sing.

Oh give to Lydia, ye blest Pow'rs! I cried,
A voice, the only gift ye have denied—
A voice, says Venus, with a laughing air;
A voice! strange object of a lover's prayer!
Say—shall your chosen fair resemble most
Yon Philomel, whose voice is all her boast?
Or, curtain'd round with leaves, yon mournful dove,
That hoarsely murmurs to the conscious grove?
Still more unlike, said I, be Lydia's note
The pleasing tone of Philomela's throat,
So to the hoarseness of the murmuring dove
She join ('tis all I ask) the *Turtle's love.*

NINE LIVES.

To all the *Tabby* kind alone
Fate has a partial kindness shown;
Their thread to thrice three lengths is run;
Their life on thrice three spindles spun.
Is Puss thrown headlong to the street
From a house top she finds her feet,
Should butchers and their curs annoy her,
Nor butchers nor their curs destroy her,
Should she lose *three* or e'en *four* lives,
By more *than* half she still survives.

On seeing the words *Domus Ultima* inscribed on the vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond in the Cathedral of Chichester.

Did he, who thus inscribed this wall
Not read, and not believe St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
"Another house, not made with hands?"
Or shall we gather from these words
That house is not a *house of Lords.*

On W. Bacon, Esq. who was killed by lightning.

By touch etherial in a moment slain
He felt the power of death, but not the pain;
Swift as the lightning glanc'd his spirit flew,
And bade this rough tempestuous world adieu,
Short was his passage to that peaceful shore
Where storms are quell'd, and thunders heard no more.

On a Lady refusing to shew her Hand.

No argument could Celia move,
With strong reluctance still she strove
Her lovely hand to hide;
The case is plain; she was afraid,
That plac'd in view, it might be said,
That by her hand they dy'd.

On a dumb, but very ingenious Boy.

Happy boy, no more complain,
Nor think thy loss of speech a pain:
Nature has us'd thee like good liquor
And *cork'd* thee but to make thee *quicker.*

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